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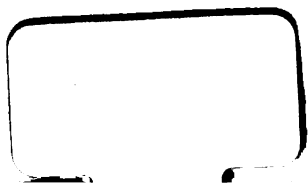
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ARS  
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AN ENTIRE  
NEW AND IMPROVED EDITION  
OF  
MORAL AND INTERESTING  
**Epitaphs,**  
AND  
REMARKABLE MONUMENTAL INSCRIPTIONS;  
WITH  
MISCELLANEOUS POEMS,  
&c. &c.

BY WILLIAM HENNEY  
OF HAMMERSMITH.

What numerous Monuments arise over the cold bosoms that warmly received us; that shared our councils, our ambitions, our pleasures and our hearts, their EPITAPHS collected would make a Volume;—a Volume how instructive if read aright!—A friend's monument is a friend's legacy; and a richer to the considerate, than any a parchment can convey.—DR. YOUNG'S CENTAUR.

Seventh Edition, with Additions.

PRINTED FOR, AND SOLD ONLY BY, THE EDITOR, AND  
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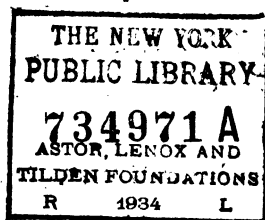
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[Price One Shilling.]

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## ADVERTISEMENT.

### To the Reader.



THE Editor, most grateful to the Public for past Favours, again presents them with a new and improved Edition of MORAL AND INTERESTING EPITAPHS, earnestly hoping it will be considered worthy of their Patronage and Approbation.

That celebrated Moralist and truly classical Writer, Mr. Addison, writing on the Subject of Epitaphs, expresses himself in the following words ; which are so apposite and pertinent to the subject, that the Editor trusts his Readers will be pleased at their introduction in this Advertisement.


“ When I look upon the tombs of the great, every emotion of envy dies in me ; when I read the Epitaphs of the beautiful, every inordinate desire goes out ; when I meet with the grief of parents upon a tomb-

stone, my heart melts with compassion ; when I see the tombs of parents themselves, I see the vanity of grieving for those whom they must quickly follow ; when I see Kings lying by those that deposed them—When I consider rival wits placed side by side, or the holy men that divided the world with their contests and disputes, I reflect with sorrow and astonishment on the little competitions, factions and debates of mankind ; when I read the several dates of the tombs of some that died yesterday, and some six hundred years ago, I consider that Great Day, when we shall all of us be contemporaries, and make our appearance together.”

In conclusion ; the Editor begs leave to state, that should the present selection meet with the approbation of his Readers, it will be to him a high gratification, and operate as a stimulus to renewed exertions for their amusement

*An Entire New and Improved Edition of*  
**MORAL AND INTERESTING**  
**Epitaphs,**

&c. &c.



**On RICHARD CHAPMAN, who died, April, 1829.**

Seek first the Lord, be timely wise,  
Truth, Virtue, and Religion prize ;  
For these extend beyond the tomb,  
And will through endless ages bloom.

*Brighton.*

---

*On the Infant Son of John and Susannah Ashley,  
Aged 9 Months, Written by his Mother.*

'Twas Adam's Curse that laid me here,  
Sever'd from every earthly tie,  
'Twas Jesu's blood that cleansed my soul  
And placed it safe on high.  
Mourn not, the casket's only here,  
The Jewel's far beyond your Care,  
A beauteous Gem in Heaven to shine,  
Made glorious by a hand divine,  
Where now I wait to meet, above,  
Those saved like me, by Jesu's blood.

*Brighton.*

*On Charles Lathan, Gent., Attorney, Aged 39  
Years, in Hendon Church Yard, Middlesex.*

Whate'er thy haste, a Moment cease from strife,  
To learn the uncertain *Tenure* of thy Life :  
Say not, because thou'rt healthy, strong and young,  
That thou hast therefore many years to come ;  
However bright thy prospects may appear  
'Twill hardly equal his that's bury'd here :  
His rosy Cheeks outbloom'd the blushing Morn  
Redundant health sat smiling in his form,  
When by *Ejectment* at the *Suit* of Death ,  
He lost the Life that vanish'd with his breath.  
Know Friend, *Man holds at Will*, and dearly pays  
A *Rent* of Pain and Sorrow all his days,  
In Life no Term hast thou, alas ! tis clear  
Not e'en a Tenancy from year to year ;  
Thou *hold'st by Tenure of the basest cast*  
And without *Notice* must depart at last :  
Vain were thy boast, presumptuous to rely  
On Health and Strength ; Go, Go, prepare to die !

*To the Beloved Memory of Mary Eleonora  
Burdett, of Ramsbury Manor, who died Nov. 27,  
1797, Aged 26 Years.—This Tablet is inscribed  
by her Brother, Sir Francis Burdett, Bart.*

Not formal duty prompts these mournful lays  
No painted show of grief these lines impart  
No cold, unfeeling, stale, insipid praise,  
But sorrow flowing from the o'er-fraught heart.  
No need hast thou of Monumental verse,  
Lamented maid, to prove thy worth was high,  
The widows' tears adorn thy Maiden hearse,  
Thy name is honour'd with the heartfelt sigh.

Alas! Alas! that feeling heart is cold,  
 That Liberal hand, that gave to all relief,  
 That tongue, whose sweetness never can be told,  
 Which charm'd our ears and sooth'd our sharpest grief.  
 If thou canst look, bright angel, from above,  
 Erst to thy God thou bend'st thy adoring knee,  
 Accept this tribute of a Brother's love,  
 And in thy orisons remember *me*.



*On Miss COUPELAND, who was killed by  
 the blowing down of a Wall on going to Church  
 to be Bride's Maid at a Wedding, on Sunday,  
 Nov. 9, 1800, Aged 19 Years.*

Underneath this turf, in dust is laid,  
 A blooming and a virtuous maid;  
 In virtue's path she always trod,  
 And trusted in Almighty God.  
 For virtue, modesty, and truth,  
 A perfect pattern was for youth;  
 She lived in love, and fear'd the Lord,  
 We hope her soul has met reward;  
 Lamented was, by great and small,  
 Was crushed underneath a blown down wall,  
 Going to church on the Lord's day;  
 This maid's sweet life was snatch'd away,  
 A tender mother left to mourn,  
 Enough to wound the heart of stone;  
 God grant his blessing to be given,  
 For them to meet again in Heaven.  
 Short was thy life, fair flower, how soon removed,  
 Sudden thy summons to the realms above.  
 Vain man as well on sands may structures raise,  
 As build on early youth or length of days;

A thousand accidents frail life attend,  
 And none can tell how soon this life may end.  
 'Tis not for age that here she lies,  
 Therefore, in time, prepare to die;  
 Death does not always warning give,  
 Therefore be careful how you live.

*Brighton.*



## ON JAMES MERASTON, Esq.

Long did I seek (without success—  
 As thou may'st do)—true happiness;  
 I ask'd, 'In what resides true bliss?'  
 Some said in that, some said in this:  
 The lover said 'twas in his lass;  
 The toper said 'twas in his glass;  
 The miser said 'twas in his treasure,  
 The libertine in sensual pleasure;  
 Some said 'twas in a single life;  
 Some said 'twas centred in a wife  
 The hero and the politician,  
 The man of learning and ambition,  
 And numbers, whom I need not name,  
 Declared true bliss resides in fame  
 Though none could give good reason why,  
 Yet all cried out—"Come, taste and try."

In short, I-tasted that and this,  
 In hope to find substantial bliss,  
 And soon perceived they all told lies,  
 And made their boast of empty joys.  
 At last I ask'd of revelation,  
 And found it in one word—Salvation—  
 And bear my witness on this stone,  
 True bliss is found in CHRIST alone!

*Hereford.*

*At Bolton, Lancashire.*

On JOHN OKEY, the Servant of God ;

Who was born in London, 1608, came into this Town, 1629. Married Mary, Daughter of James Crompton, 1635, with whom he lived comfortably 20 Years. She had four Sons, and six Daughters, since then he lived single till the day of his Death, which happened on the 29th of December, 1684.—In his time were many great changes, and terrible alterations—18 Years' Civil Wars in England, besides many dreadful Sea Fights—The Crown or Command of England changed 8 times—Episcopacy laid aside for 14 Years—London burnt and more stately built again—Germany wasted 300 Miles—200,000 Protestants Murdered by the Papists in Ireland—This Town thrice Stormed—once taken and Plundered—He went through many troubles and divers conditions, and found rich Joy and Happiness only in Holiness, the Faith, Fear, and Love of God in Jesus Christ.



*In Odiham Church, Hants, on Mrs. Grace Toll,  
Aged 57.*

From earliest Youth in Virtue's path she trod;  
Humbly conversed with and adored her God;  
From Reason's shining light she never swerved;  
Fair truth and goodness equally preserved.  
To Wit that charm'd, a *manly* sense was join'd,  
Ease graced her speech, and purity her mind.  
Religious, Pious, Just, with every Art,  
That mends the soul and opens wide the heart;  
With Virtues that no malice could offend,  
The safest guide and the sincerest friend,  
With knowledge that could please and entertain,  
All but the Dull and Spiteful, Proud and Vain,  
Admired, Beloved, Lamented, here she Sleeps,  
Who knew her—Loved her—and who Loved her Weep



*A Remarkable Inscription upon a Monument  
in Horsley Down Church, Cumberland.*

Here lie the Bodies of Thomas Bond, Esq., and Mary  
his Wife.

She was Temperate, Chaste, and Charitable,  
But

She was Proud, Peevish, and Passionate.  
She was an affectionate Wife and tender Mother,  
But

Her husband and child whom She loved  
Seldom saw her Countenance except with a disgusting  
Frown.

Whilst she received Visitors whom she despised  
With an endearing Smile.

Her behaviour was discreet towards strangers,  
But

Imprudent in her family.  
Abroad her Conduct was influenced by good breeding,  
But

At home by Ill Temper.  
She was a professed enemy to flattery,  
And was seldom known to praise or commend;  
But

The talents in which she principally excelled  
Were difference of Opinion,  
And discovering of Flaws and  
Imperfections.

She was an admirable Economist,  
And without Prodigality  
Dispensed Plenty to every Person in her Family;  
But

Would sacrifice their Eyes to a farthing Candle.  
She sometimes made her Husband happy with her good  
Qualities,  
But

Much more often miserable—with her many  
 Failings;  
 Inasmuch that in Thirty years' cohabitation he often  
 Lamented,  
 That Maugre all her virtues,  
 He had not in the whole enjoyed two years of  
 Matrimonial comfort.

At Length  
 Finding she had lost the affections of her Husband,  
 As well as the regard of her Neighbours,  
 (Family disputes having been divulged by servants)  
 She Died of Vexation, July 20, 1768,  
 In the 48th Year of her Age.  
 Her worn-out Husband survived her  
 Four Months and Two Days,  
 Aged 54.

William Bond, Brother to the Deceased, Erected  
 This Stone,  
 As a Weekly Monitor  
 To the surviving Wives of this Parish,  
 That they may avoid the Infamy  
 Of having their Memories handed down  
 To Posterity  
 With a Patchwork character.



### AT WALTON, HANTS.

*On John Skinner, Coachman, who was killed  
 near this place, July 13th, 1814, aged 35.*

With passengers of every age,  
 With care I drove from stage to stage;  
 Till death's sad hearse pass'd by unseen,  
 And stopp'd the course of my machine.

*On a Child of the Rev. R. Skeymaker, Vicar of  
Maldon, Surrey.*

Whilst vain philosophy declares,  
Both Soul and Body die;  
The humble Christian views his child,  
Translated to the sky.  
Beholds him with the eye of Faith,  
Ascend the blest abode;  
With kindred Cherubs to enjoy  
The Presence of his God.



*On Miss Thickness, — St. Catherine's, Bath.*

Reader if youth should sparkle in thine eye,  
If on thy cheek the flower of beauty glows,  
Here shed the tear, and heave the pensive sigh,  
Where Beauty, Youth, and Innocence, repose.  
Doth Wit adorn thy mind, doth Science pour,  
Its ripen'd bounties on the vernal year?  
Behold where Death hath cropt the plenteous store,  
And heave the sigh, and shed the pensive tear.  
Do Music's dulcet notes speak on thy tongue?  
And do thy fingers sweep the sounding Lyre?  
Behold where low she lies, who sweetly sung  
The melting strains a Cherub might inspire.  
Of youth, of beauty, then, be vain no more,  
Of Music's power, of Wit and Learning's prize;  
For while you read, those charms may all be o'er,  
And ask to share the grave where "Anna" lies.



*On a young Lady, in Brighton Church-yard,  
Aged, 19.*

Unpierced by any dart but Death,  
I quick resign'd my fleeting breath;

My roses withered ere 'twas noon,  
 Alas why blown to fade so soon;  
 Tell, Angels, tell — for Angels know—  
 Why such transition here below ?  
 Is it that mortals passing by  
 May learn to live before they die ?  
 Ye Virgins learn from hence your fate,  
 How frail is all your blooming state ;  
 Your beauty soon must fade away,  
 But Virtue's charms will ne'er decay



*On Miss Hackett, of Bath.*

Closed are those eyes which beam'd celestial fire,  
 Cold is that breast, which gave the world desire;  
 Mute is the Voice, where winning softness warm'd,  
 Where Music melted, and where Wisdom charm'd,  
 Could modest Knowledge, and engaging youth,  
 Persuasive reason, and endearing truth,  
 Could honour, shown in friendship most refined,  
 And sense, that shields from harm the virtuous mind,  
 The social temper that detested strife,  
 The heightening Graces that embellish Life,  
 Could these have e'en the darts of death defy'd  
 Never — Ah ! never, had Melinda died !  
 Nor can she die — e'en now survives her name,  
 Immortalized by Friendship, Love and Fame.



*On James Styles who departed this life, May 11,  
 1827, Aged 51.*

He was an Affectionate Husband and a good Father.  
 To them that knew him,  
 My theme it would be needless to unfold ;  
 To them that knew him not,  
 ——— Incredible if told.

*On Miss Jane Prosser Swell, — Limehouse.*

Virtue alone has that to give,  
Which makes it Joy to die or live ;  
Whilst Vice can only that supply,  
Which makes it Pain to live or die.



*On Maria Haynes, Aged 17, who died singing  
the 23d. Psalm.*

When languid now her fluttering breath,  
Maria faintly drew,  
She saw, beyond the shades of death,  
Heaven opening to her view.  
Regardless of her dying pains,  
Her voice She strove to raise ;  
Rejoicing in Seraphic strains  
To chant her Maker's praise.  
Her Soul in Virgin lustre bright,  
Burst through the Mortal Clay ;  
And soaring to the realms of light,  
Exulting wing'd its way.  
Thus from her nest, with towering wing,  
We see the lark arise ;  
With Joy her matin notes she sings,  
And warbling mounts the skies.



*At Bolton, Lancashire.*

*On William Simmons, Aged 22. 1827.*

With deepest thought, Spectator, view thy fate ;  
Thus Mortals pass to an immortal state ;  
Thro' death's dark vale we hope he found the way,  
To the bright regions of eternal day.  
Life's but a moment — Death this moment ends,  
Thrice blest is he who well this moment spends,  
For know thereon — Eternity depends.

*On James Tomkin, in Hertfordshire, 1828.*

Adjudget to bliss, the saints shall rise  
 To meet their Saviour in the Skies,  
 And live where pleasure never dies.  
 Condemn'd, the sinners shrink to hell,  
 The sad reverse consider well ;  
 —With endless torments—who can dwell ?

*At Henbury, on a Gardener.*

Pomona's treasurer's gone, her glory fled,  
 And Flora's beauty lost, since thou art dead ;  
 The flowers, the trees and plants, all fading stand,  
 Which used to flourish by thy skilful hand :  
 'Twas by thy skilful hand they used to bring  
 Treasures of autumn—pleasures of the spring :  
 Alas ! that neither plant, nor flower, nor tree  
 Could thee reprieve so oft reprieved by thee.

*On Joseph Bennet, aged 34, at St. Neot's  
Huntingdon.*

A precious soul, beloved of God,  
 And ransom'd by his Saviour's blood,  
 Did once inhabit mortal clay ;  
 But now is fled to realms of day.  
 Beneath this stone the Body lies,  
 His Soul is gone to paradise ;  
 He felt the power of Gospel truth,  
 E'en in the thoughtless days of youth,  
 True living faith his works did show ;  
 He follow'd Jesus here below :  
 His pious soul did often rise  
 To the fair mansions of the skies,

The doctrine of the Saviour's cross  
 To him was gain—all else was loss :  
 His faith was strong, his hope was bright,  
 And now he dwells with God in light.



*On John Scaine, Tailor.*

Here rests a form, once like a man,  
 In colour, shape, and feature,  
 Whose measures, promises, and plans,  
 Were guided by good nature.  
 • Although no seaman, yet on board,  
 No traveller, yet nimble ;  
 His table was with *cabbage* stored,  
 And beef, earn'd by his thimble.  
 Though fashion press'd his daily cares  
 From Saturday till Monday,  
 In a new suit he said his prayers,  
 At church, sometimes, on Sunday.  
 • But Death, that nothing human spares,  
 In petticoats or breeches,  
 At last stole on him unawares,  
 And snipt his vital stitches.



*On John Penny, at Wimborne, Dorset.*

Reader !—If of cash thou art in want of any,  
 Dig a few feet, and thou wilt find a *Penny*.



*On Robin, late Huntsman to the Leicester Hunt.*

If field diversion, friend, thou e'er didst prize,  
 Revere this sod, where honest Robin lies ;  
 Oft with the cry of hounds and cheerful horn,  
 The lark preventing, he has hail'd the morn.  
 His eye sagacious was the first to find,  
 When loud *Tan-ta-ra* swell'd the listening wind ;

Nor hedge, nor ditch, nor gate of fearful height,  
 Could Robin's dauntless spirit e'er affright.  
 In private life an active part he play'd  
 By cheerful manners giving virtue aid:  
 Whoe'er thou art, on such a life reflect,  
 Go hence—and imitate—and gain respect.



## AT BRISTOL.

*On Mrs. Hawkesworth, by her Husband.*

Whoe'er, like me, with boding anguish, brings  
 His heart's whole treasure to fair Bristol's springs,  
 Whoe'er, like me, to soothe disease and pain,  
 Shall pour the salutary streams in vain;  
 Condemn'd, like me, to hear the faint reply,  
 To mark the flushing cheek, the sunken eye,  
 From the chill brow to wipe the drops of death,  
 And watch, with dumb despair, each shortening breath:  
 If chance direct him to this artless line,  
 Let the sad mourner know his pangs were mine.  
 Ordain'd to lose the partner of my breast,  
 Whose beauty warm'd me, and whose virtue blest,  
 Form'd every tie that tends the soul to prove,  
 Her duty friendship, and that friendship love?  
 But early taught that He who rules on high  
 Ordain'd the just to slumber—not to die—  
 The falling tear I check'd, and kiss'd the rod,  
 And not to earth resign'd her—but to God.



## ON A DYER.

Below this turf a man doth lie,  
 Who dyed to live, and lived to dye!



*On Mr. William Chown, Schoolmaster, Monkton,  
Northamptonshire.*

His province was to teach unguarded youth,  
And guide their footsteps in the path of truth ;  
This pleasing task he executed well,  
As numbers from experience can tell ;  
From Christian principles his precepts drew  
His virtues many, and his frailties few.  
He now enjoys the presence of his Lord,  
Whose approbation is his rich reward.



### ST. BOTOLPH, ALDGATE.

*On Miss Priscilla Elyard, aged 17. Died May 26th,  
1799.*

If beauty's magic power could save  
The loved possessor from the grave,  
If virtue and fair innocence  
Could with the laws of fate dispense,  
Then, tyrant Death, thy cruel dart  
Had never pierced this gentle heart,  
Snatch'd her, in all her blooming charms,  
A victim from her parents' arm;  
Yet cease to shed the pitying tear ;  
For, while her body slumbers here,  
Her soul has left this dark abode,  
To dwell for ever with her God.



### ON A STONE WITH THE INITIALS J. N.

Seek not to learn who underneath doth lie :  
Learn something more important—learn to die :

*On a Watchmaker of the Name of Gorsnet, in the  
Abbey Church, Shrewsbury.*

Thy movements, Gorsnet, kept in play,  
The wheels of life felt no decay,  
For fifty years at least ;  
Till by some sudden, fatal stroke,  
The main-spring or the balance broke,  
And all the movements ceased.



### IN ANSTEY CHURCH YARD.

Mary Best lies buried here,  
Her age it was just ninety year ;  
Twenty-eight she lived a single life,  
And only four years was a wife ;  
She lived a widow fifty-eight,  
And died, January 11th, eighty-eight.



### ON MISS ROSE,

*Niece of H. Rose Esq. of Kilnarock. Died very young.*

Here lies a Rose, a beauteous Rose,  
Blasted before its bloom ;  
Whose innocence did sweets disclose  
Beyond that flower's perfume.

To those who for her loss are grieved,  
This consolation's given ;  
She's from a world of wo relieved,  
And blooms a Rose in heaven.

AT BARKING, ESSEX.

*On Sarah Rickets, aged 68. Died 1767.*

Here honest Sarah Rickets lies,  
By many much esteem'd,  
Who really was no otherwise  
Than what she always seem'd.



SACRED TO THE MEMORY OF THE

Reverend George Whitefield.

*This eloquent and faithful Servant of God was born  
at Gloucester, 1714, and died in Georgia, 1770.*

He, like his Master, was by some despised,  
Like Him, by many others loved and prized;  
But theirs shall be the everlasting crown,  
Not whom the world, but Jesus Christ shall own.



Weston-Fabell, Northamptonshire.

ON THE

REV. JAMES HERVEY, A. M.

LATE RECTOR OF THIS PARISH.

*That very pious Man, and much admired Author,*

DIED DECEMBER 25, 1758, AGED 45.

Reader, expect no more to make him known,  
Vain the fond elegy and figured stone;  
A name more lasting shall his writings give;  
There view his heavenly mind, and live.

## MR. ROBERT SLEATH,

WHO DIED NOVEMBER 23, 1805.

He kept the Turnpike Gate at Worcester, stopped and  
 demanded toll from His Majesty George III., when  
 on a visit to Bishop Hurd; and from that  
 circumstance he ever afterwards bore the name of  
 “THE MAN THAT STOPPED THE KING.”

On Wednesday last old Robert Sleath  
 Pass'd through the turnpike-gate of Death;  
 To him would Death no toll abate,  
 Who stopt the King at Worcester Gate.



*Translation of a Latin Epitaph in St. Mary's Church  
 at Leicester.*

## ON MR. RICHARD WALKER, SURGEON.

Here lies Richard Walker, late surgeon—no 'squire—  
 In person and manners as plain as a friar;  
 He doctor'd his patients with no small address,  
 But sometimes—like others—proceeded by guess.  
 Obliging and honest to all—ay, his wife—  
 Fit to live, fit to die, thus he ended his life.

SEPTEMBER 19, 1781, AGED 65.

To a father so kind, his son John—a great wit—  
 For whom in the middle his fortune he split,  
 Though young, yet inspired by grief, gratitude, joy,  
 Erected this monument for the old boy.

## INSCRIPTION FOR THE TOMB

ERECTED TO THE MEMORY OF

The Marquess of Anglesey's Leg.

DEPOSITED AT

WATERLOO.

*[Written by the Right Honourable George Canning.]*

Here rests, and let no saucy knave  
 Presume to sneer or laugh,  
 To learn that mouldering in the dust,  
 Is laid a British Calf.

For he who writes these lines is sure  
 That they who read the whole,  
 Will find each laugh were premature,  
 For here, too, lies a sole.

And here five little ones repose,  
 Twin born with other five,  
 Unheeded by their brethren toes,  
 Who all are now alive.

A leg and foot, to speak more plain,  
 Rest here, of one commanding,  
 Who, though his wits he may retain,  
 Lost half his understanding:

And now, in England, just as gay  
 As in the battle brave,  
 Goes to the rout, review or play,  
 With one foot in the grave!

Fortune in vain has shown her spite,  
 For he will soon be found—  
 Should England's sons engage in fight—  
 Resolved to stand his ground:

And but indulged a harmless whim,  
 Since he could walk with one;  
 She saw two legs were lost on him  
 Who never deign'd to run.

## AT TURVEY, BEDFORDSHIRE.

*In Memory of James Smith, who died May 10, 1822,  
Aged 105.*

[BY THE REV. LEGH RICHMOND.]

I lived beyond a hundred years  
A Wanderer through this vale of tears;  
The time seem'd long, though short 'twill be,  
Contrasted with Eternity.  
O Mortal Man, Arise—Beware—  
Sin spreads around the dangerous snare,  
Then pray or perish—seek thy God,  
And trust thine all in Jesu's Blood.



## AT THE SAME PLACE.

Here lies John Richardson; under this Wall,  
A faithful true Servant to Turvey Old Hall;  
Page to the first Lord Mordant of fame,  
Servant to Lewis, Lord Henry, and John,  
Faithful and careful, and just to them all,  
Till Death took him hence; may God have Mercy on  
his Soul, Amen.

*Died 1612.*



## COSTESSEY, NORFOLK.

*On Mrs. Gurney, who died September 28th, 1819,  
Aged 44 years.*

Place not your minds on earth's poor trifling toys,  
But fix your thoughts on heaven's eternal joys;  
And be prevail'd upon, whilst ye have time,  
Wisely to choose what's lasting and divine.

### On a Farmer.

God, in his rural station, he adored,  
 And in his glorious handiworks rejoiced;  
 His recreation was to praise the Lord,  
 And his chief glory was the cross of Christ.



### AT TURVEY, BEDFORDSHIRE.

*On A Lady. By the Rev. Legh Richmond.*

Long time she walk'd in darkness, and her sun  
 Was scarce arising, 'till her race was run;  
 It then shone beautiful, the clouds dispersed,  
 And floods of Glory on her vision burst;  
 To her 'twas given on Jordan's brink to stand,  
 And count the wonders of the pleasant Land;  
 The Crown, the palms, she view'd—nor view'd alone—  
 For Jesu's Blood has made them all her own.



### AT WIMBLEDON SURREY,

*On James Arbrey, who died January 10,  
 1824, Aged 73.*

He had lived nearly twenty-two years in the service of  
 Joseph Marryatt, Esq., as Bailiff, highly and deservedly  
 respected for the Integrity and Piety of  
 his Character, when he was thrown out of a  
 Cart, by the Horse falling, and killed on  
 the spot.

*"In the midst of Life we are in Death!"*

Reader, live thou, before the all-seeing eye,  
 Like him who rests beneath this humble sod,  
 So shalt thou be like him, prepared to die,  
 Whenever call'd upon to meet thy God.

*Samuel Taylor, Sadler, Biggleswade.*

Awful and sudden was my painful Death,  
In the cold torrent I resign'd my breath;  
The rushing stream became my dying bed,  
No friend to close my eyes, nor raise my head.  
Ah! while affection heaves for me one sigh,  
In order set thine house, for thou must die.



### EPITAPH ON A GARDENER.

*On a Tombstone in the Parish Church Yard of  
Haverill, Suffolk.*

Rest, Gardener, Rest; thy toil is o'er,  
And nature owns thy skill no more;  
Death's ruthless Scythe hath fell'd thy bloom,  
His rake hath dragg'd thee to thy doom.  
Yet from thy latent germ may rise  
Perennial blossoms to the skies;  
Hope prompts, and reason owns the line,  
For honesty and truth were thine;  
And didst thou e'er thy neighbour wrong?  
Reader, go ask the village throng!  
They knew the man—Rest, Gardener, Rest;  
Till Mercy join thee with the blest.



*On Sarah Prewett, at Aldenbury, Wilts.*

No mortal man could me release  
Or ease me of my pain;  
But Christ, my Lord, in whom I trust,  
Salvation to obtain  
Learn to fear Gods awful will  
Live his precepts to fulfil;  
Virtue cherish, Vice defy,  
This will show the way to die:  
'Twill Death of every sting divest,  
And make the Grave a place of rest.



## IN THE ABBEY CHURCH, BATH.

*On Lady Miller, died June 24, 1731, Aged 41.*

Devoted stone! amidst the wrecks of time,  
Uninjured bear thy Miller's spotless name;  
The virtues of fair youth, and ripen'd prime,  
The tender thought, the endearing record claim.

When closed the numerous eyes that round this bier  
Have wept the loss of wide extended worth,  
Oh! Gentle Stranger, may one generous tear  
Drop as thou bendest o'er this hallow'd earth.

Are truth and genius, love and pity, thine,  
With liberal charity and faith sincere?  
Then rest thy wandering step beneath this Shrine,  
And greet a Kindred Spirit hovering near.



## AT SHELFORD, CAMBRIDGESHIRE.

*On W. Cambridge, who died September 23, 1827,  
Aged 43.*

Jesus! my faith on thee relies!  
Oh Let me in thine Image rise;  
And when I leave this earthly grave,  
Exult in him who died to save.



*At Greal Cornad, Suffolk*

ON JOSEPH SEWELL.

Here lies the body of Joseph Sewell,  
Who to his Wife was very Greal,  
And likewise to his brother Tom,  
As any Man in Christendom.  
This is all I say of Joe,  
That here he lies, and let him go.

IN MEMORY OF  
**Mr. W. Sarby,**  
 OF NORTHESK,

WHO LOST HIS LIFE IN CROSSING THE RIVER OUSE,  
 AGED 24 : 1783.

Free from the toils of life, sequester'd here  
 Rests the true lover and the friend sincere :  
 Snatch'd from the chace, by accident he fled  
 Down the deep stream, and mingled with the dead.  
 No friendly hand (though many near) could save  
 This virtuous youth from an untimely grave ;  
 Reader, prepare ! — this solemn truth attend —  
 And timely make the heavenly Judge your friend.

—♦—  
 On his Labor,

*ELIZABETH GILLES, OF SOUTH MALLING.*

If love and virtue both conduce to grace the fair,  
 These were possess'd by her that lieth here ;  
 But alas ! By fate the object of her love was drown'd  
 By Death surprised in trying to save a bound ;  
 Which such effect had on her tender mind,  
 It brought her soon into a deep decline.  
 With him her transitory bliss is fled,  
 And she's a cold companion of the dead.  
 Sure this catastrophe cannot fail to show  
 How uncertain are all earthly joys below !

—♦—  
*At Longbridge Deverul, Wills.*

Here lies an Israelite indeed,  
 Match him if you can ;  
 A Neighbour good, A Miller too,  
 And yet an honest Man !

*On this stone is represented a fish with a ring in his mouth, alluding to the following remarkable occurrence; Mr. Elton was to have been married to a lady who, on the morning proposed for the wedding, sent the ring back, saying she had changed her mind. The gentleman's feelings were so hurt, that he threw the ring into the sea, solemnly vowing he would never marry, unless the Lady brought that ring. Some years after, dining at a Gentleman's house, the Housekeeper, not knowing any thing of the circumstance, after dinner, came up to show her Master the ring she had that day found in a fish's maw: the Gentleman immediately knew it to be his, and offered her his hand, which she accepted. They lived many years happily, and the Gentleman caused the following Inscription to be engraven on her Tomb-stone:*

SACRED TO THE MEMORY OF

Dame Rebecca Elton, wife of J. Elton, Stratford, Gent.

Died August 26, 1696.

Come ladies, ye that would appear  
 Like Angels fair, come dress you here;  
 Come dress you at this marble stone,  
 And make that humble grace your own.  
 Which once adorn'd as fair a mind.  
 As e'er yet lodged in women kind;  
 So she was dress'd, whose humble life  
 Was free from pride, was free from strife,  
 Free from all envious brawls and jars,  
 Of human life the civil wars.  
 These ne'er disturb'd her peaceful mind,  
 Which still was gentle, still was kind;  
 Her very looks, her garb, her mien,  
 Disclosed her humble soul within.  
 Trace her thro' every scene of life,  
 View her as widow, virgin, wife;  
 Still the same, humble she appears,  
 The same in youth, the same in years,  
 The same in high or low estate,  
 Ne'er vex'd with this, ne'er moved with that.  
 Go, ladies now, and if you'd be  
 As fair, as great, as good as she,  
 Go, learn of her humility.

Stepney.

*On Margaret Scott, Died 1738.*

Stop, passenger, until my life you've read,  
 The living may get knowledge by the dead;  
 Five times five years I liv'd a virgin's life,  
 Ten times five years I was a virtuous wife;  
 Ten times five years I lived a widow chaste,  
 Now, tired of this mortal life, I rest:  
 I, from my cradle to my grave, have seen,  
 Eight mighty Kings of Scotland, and a Queen;  
 Four times five years the Commonwealth I saw,  
 Ten times the subjects rose against the law,  
 Twice did I see old Prelacy pull'd down,  
 And twice the cloak was humbled by the gown.  
 An end of Stuart's race, I saw nae more!  
 I saw my country sold for English ore!  
 Such desolations in my time have been,  
 I have an end of all perfection seen!

*Dalkeith.*

—●—  
 Norwich.

ON

**EDWARD SMITH.**

Stop, gentle youth, and view this clod,  
 Beneath it lies a child of God,  
 Who thro' the transient scenes of youth  
 Revered and loved the God of truth;  
 And when Death struck the fatal blow,  
 With joy he left this world below,  
 And soaring, taught his friends behind,  
 'Serve Him with joy, and you will find  
 'That Death itself's a gentle friend,  
 'And peace shall be the Christian's end.

C

## On a Soldier.

When I was young, in wars I shed my blood,  
Both for my king and for my country's good ;  
In elder years my service was to be  
Soldier to Him who shed his blood for me.



JOHN BACON, Esq. R. A.

WHAT I WAS AS AN ARTIST

SEEMED TO ME OF SOME IMPORTANCE, WHILE I LIVED ;

BUT WHAT I REALLY WAS,

as a Believer in Jesus Christ,

IS THE ONLY THING OF IMPORTANCE TO ME NOW.



COSTESSEY, NORFOLK.

*Sacred to the memory of Mrs. E. Claxton,  
many years house-keeper to Lord Stafford ;*

*Died June 9th, 1808,*

*in the sixty-fifth year of her age.*

Amidst these humble mansions of the dead,  
A faithful old domestic rests her head ;  
The gen'rous rulers of yon ancient hall  
Her various merits with delight recall.  
By fondness led, she joy'd at their success,  
Felt all their cares, and wept at their distress :  
By no mean interested view impress'd,  
Affection reign'd the sovereign of her breast  
Her soul was spotless as the snow-wing'd dove,  
Her labour pleasure, her obedience love.

*At the same place.*

*On the Rev. John Farrer, 13 years Vicar,  
who died November 23, 1806, Aged 73.*

FRIEND OR STRANGER,

Who read the date of my departure, remember that  
your own is drawing nigh, when you must pass  
into a state of eternal and unchangeable happiness  
or misery, according as you have been faithful or  
unfaithful in this your service on earth. Everlast-  
ing life and death, Unutterable good and evil, are  
now set before you; and whilst between them,  
may God be with you in this momentous choice,  
and make you wise unto salvation, through faith,  
which is in Christ Jesus.



*At Fareham, Hants.*

*On William Gray, who died in the year  
1791, Aged 55.*

How vain is flattery on a grave,  
Where earth and ashes lie!  
Here rests the learn'd, the great, the brave,  
The pompous poets cry.  
Here rests a sinful mortal's dust,  
I rather choose to say;  
Who puts in Christ alone his trust,  
And waits the judgment day.

c 2

*At All Saints' Church, Cambridge.*

*On Mrs, Catter, who died Nov. 18, 1825.*

*Aged 37.*

Thou art gone to the grave ; and its mansion forsaking,  
Perhaps thy tried spirit in doubt linger'd long :  
But the sunshine of Heaven beam'd bright on thy waking,  
And the song which thou heardest was the seraphim's song.  
Thou art gone to the grave ; but 'twere wrong to deplore  
thee,

When God was thy ransom, thy guardian, thy guide ;  
He gave thee, he took thee, and soon will restore thee ;  
Where death has no sting, since the Saviour has died.

*At Godalming, Surry.*

*On Joseph and Ann Pibly.*

How great the christian's portion is,  
What endless joys what worlds of bliss,  
The Lord for them prepares !  
Their boundless treasures who can know ?  
For all above, and all below,  
And God and Christ is theirs.

*At Norwood Green, on Richard Pollock,  
who died suddenly, February 1, 1819.*

To wealth and power how near allied is death !  
The utmost distance but a gasp of breath.

*At Saint Andrew's, Hereford.*

*On Eliza Crabb, who died Dec. 1, 1792, Aged 36.*

Hush'd is the storm of life's tempestuous day ;  
This heart no more by mortal anguish torn.  
Serene reposing with its kindred clay,  
Till waked from death thou hail'st the eternal morn.

## AT WINCHESTER CATHEDRAL.

Here lies the body of a Hampshire Grenadier,  
 Who died through drinking cold small beer :  
 Soldiers, be warn'd by his untimely fall,  
 And, when you're hot, drink strong, or none at all.

*At Millbrook, Southampton.—On John Soft.*

Death, like an overflowing stream,  
 Sweeps us away ; our life's a dream,  
 An empty tale, a morning flower,  
 Cut down and wither'd in an hour.

## PHOEBE HESSEL,

*who was born at Stepney, in the Year 1713.*

She served for many years as a Private Soldier in the  
 Fifth Regiment of Foot in different parts of Europe,  
 and in the year 1745 fought under the command of the  
 Duke of Cumberland, at the Battle of Fontenoy,  
 where She received a Bayonet Wound in her Arm.

Her long life, which commenced in the Reign of  
 Queen ANNE, extended to that of King GEORGE IV.

By whose munificence she received comfort and support  
 in her latter days. She died at Brighton,  
 where she had long resided,  
 December 12th, 1821, aged 108.

## ON CHARITY.

The heart that bleeds for others' woes  
 Shall feel each selfish sorrow less,  
 The breast that happiness bestows,  
 Reflected happiness shall bless.



## LINES

TO THE MEMORY OF THE LATE MRS. ANN HOVELL, WHO DIED  
AT KENSINGTON ON TUESDAY, 25TH AUGUST, 1818, AGED 78.

Serene amidst the winter of her years,  
Her hope had learn'd to triumph o'er her fears :  
RELIGION's hallow'd lamp had lent its ray  
To cheer the aged Pilgrim on her way,  
And gild the dreary darkness of the road,  
Thro' which she travell'd up to HEAV'N's abode !

But ah ! I hear the widow's sobs proclaim  
A speechless epitaph upon her name ;  
The orphan's silent tears its grief attest,  
While tottering age lamenting speaks the real !  
To them no more her bounty she extends,  
Some other arm their misery befriends ;  
While her celestial spirit soars above,  
In full reliance on a SAVIOUR's love !

Oh ! be it mine, on life's declining day,  
When riches, rank and talents, fade away,  
And Death appears array'd in garb of gloom,  
To mark me as a victim for the tomb,  
Like her, on Mercy's promise to repose,  
Which renders life serener at its close,  
And makes us almost realize the bliss  
Of other worlds, ere we have quitted this.

NIOBE.



AT

HIGHAM FERRERS.

O Lord, I come unto thy bar,  
Thy face I dare not see ;  
Without thy Son, I am undone,  
Dear Jesus, plead for me !

*On James Reid.*

The time we have allotted here  
 We highly ought to prize,  
 And try to make salvation sure,  
 Before death close our eyes.

*At Hallpast Mills, Huntingdonshire.**On George Wright, aged 66.*

Christ is to me as life on earth,  
 And death to me is gain ;  
 Because I hope, through him alone,  
 Salvation to obtain.

*On Miss Ann Steile's Tomb, Broughton, Hants.*

Silent the lyre, and dumb the tuneful tongue,  
 That sung, on earth, her great Redeemer's praise ;  
 But now, in heaven, she joins th' Angelic throng,  
 In more harmonious, more exalted lays.

*At Frome, Somerset.**In Memory of Mary Denham, Aged 70.**A Faithful Domestic.*

The woman once, whose ashes here remain,  
 Spent a long life in toil, nor spent in vain ;  
 A grateful servant, and a faithful friend,  
 Whose generous mind ne'er knew a private end ;  
 What others do from fear or interest prove,  
 She was, and more, from principle and love.  
 By kindness won, but she could never be  
 By kindness tempted from humility.  
 Age could not force her from her cares to part ;  
 It shook her strength, but could not change her  
 heart.

Against disease the combat long she tried,  
 And when she ceased to serve she willing died ;  
 Yet blest in knowing still her faith approved,  
 And blest in being mourn'd by those she loved ;  
 Blest, too, in this, that all will deem the tear,  
 And all the praise, that deck her tomb, sincere :  
 In this supremely blest ; that this her worth,  
 Met not the fading honours of the earth.  
 Immortal glory it shall meet, that day  
 When pride, and pomp, and power, shall shrink  
 away.

---

Erected by James Wickham Esq. as the last tribute to a  
 faithful Servant.

---

AT WARMINSTER, WILTS,

*On Richard Foreman, who died July 10, 1821,  
 Aged 66,*

MANY YEARS ONE OF THE SINGERS AT THE CHURCH

In singing I did praise my God,  
 Therein took great delight,  
 But suddenly Death cut me down,  
 Out of my Brethren's sight ;  
 But at the Judgment day, I hope  
 I shall again them see,  
 And with them Hallelujahs sing  
 To God Eternally.

---

In Norwich Cathedral.

Here lies the body of honest Tom Page,  
 Who died in the thirty-third year of his age.

## AT GODALMING, SURREY.

This Stone is Consecrated,  
By

An affectionate Mother,  
As a Testimony of Maternal Grief,  
And to perpetuate

The Memory of her *four* departed Sons,

NICHOLAS DARNFORD,

Who was lost in the *Calcutta Indiaman*, March, 1809,  
in the 23d year of his age;

JOSEPH,

Who died at *Bombay*, May 7th, 1808, Aged 21;

BENJAMIN,

Who was lost in H. M. Ship *Ajax*, February 14th, 1807,  
Aged 18; and

WILLIAM,

Who died at *Godalming*, October 13th, 1807; Aged 17.

If e'er, by solemn contemplation led,  
Thy wanderings bring thee to this lonely bed,  
Stop, traveller; no common sorrow here  
Claims the sad tribute of a friendly tear;  
A widow'd mother, bending to the rod,  
Mourns, though submissive, the decrees of God.  
Her sons she weeps, their course so early run,  
But weeping prays; "Thy will, O God, be done."  
In two short years, when opening into bloom,  
Her much-loved offspring met an early doom:  
And here, entomb'd within the earth's cold breast,  
Her youngest child remains in silent rest.  
For this alone to her the task was given,  
To smoothe the bed of death, his path to heaven.  
In foreign climes, beneath inclement skies,  
Without a friendly hand to close his eyes,  
They rest, a prey to all-devouring death,  
By fever, fire, and tempest, yield their breath,  
With grief oppress'd, their mother childless sighs,  
And patient waits her summons to the skies;  
Hoping to meet them on that peaceful shore,  
Where pain and sorrow shall be known no more.

IN THE CHANCEL OF THE PARISH CHURCH  
OF

**Greenwich, Kent.**

*On THOMAS TALLIS, one of the greatest composers  
of music that this or any other country ever produced,  
who died on the 25th of November, 1585.*

“ Entered here doth ly a worthy wyght,  
Who for long tyme in musick bore the bell:  
His name to shew, was Thomas Tallis hyght,  
In honest vertuous life he dyd excell.  
“ He serued long time in chappel with grete prayse,  
Fower souereygnes reynes (a thing not often seene),  
I mean Kyng Henry and Prynce Edward's dayes,  
Quene Mary and Elizabeth our Quene.  
“ He maryed was, though children he had none,  
And lyu'd in loue full thre and thirty yeres  
Wyth loyal spouse, whos name yclept was Jone,  
Who here entomb'd, him company now bears.  
“ As he dyd liue, so also dyd he dy,  
In mild and quyet sort, O happy man !  
To God ful oft for mercy dyd he cry,  
Wherefore he liues, let Deth do what he can.”



**OTTERY SAINT MARY'S CHURCH YARD  
DEVONSHIRE.**

**ON J. AND R. COOKE.**

Near this marble lies to rest,  
Of John and Richard Cooke the dust ;  
Who here must rest, as in a bed,  
Till death and grave give up their dead.

*On Captain Whittaker,  
of the 11th light Dragoons,  
buried in Battle Church-yard, Sussex.*

Billeted by death,  
I quartered here remain,  
'Till the last trumpet sounds,  
When I shall rise to march again.



AT CRANBROOK, KENT.

*On Ann Dennet, Aged 14 years.  
Daughter of James & Ann Dennet,  
who Died 1789.*

Reader ! this silent grave contains  
A much-lov'd daughter's dear remains;  
Death, like a frost has nipt her bloom,  
And early sent her to the tomb.  
Hence let the young this lesson learn,  
Eternity's their great concern.



PROPOSED EPITAPH.

FOR

**Dr. Johnson.**

[BY RICHARD PAUL JODDRELL, ESQ.]

Here, into slumber lull'd, see Johnson lie!  
For Who dare say that Johnson e'er can die?

*On James Fuggles, Esq., of Staplehurst, Kent.*

When cruel Death, regardless, sweeps away  
 The good, the bad, the solid and the gay,  
 We are apt with faint indifference to view;  
 Their quick departure is but Nature's due.  
 But seeing Fuggles draw his latest breath,  
 And fall a victim to the shaft of Death,  
 Let us, though men, exert our grateful lays,  
 And, since he's dead, let's living sing his praise,  
 Whose cheerful humour Staplehurst well might prize  
 As well for company, as for exercise.  
 He firmly stood, amidst a throng of foes,  
 And vile oppression sternly did oppose;  
 A poor man's cause he would firmly take in hand,  
 Although he had most powerful enemies to withstand.  
 A truer friend sure never breathed on earth,  
 A great promoter was of harmless mirth;  
 At cricket he for years no equal knew,  
 Nor was he less esteem'd for ringing too;  
 For he the changes understood so well,  
 He would name by heart the course of every bell.  
 The hare he would trace through her meandering track,  
 Assisted by his trusty well-tuned pack,  
 Or with his greyhounds take her on plain land,  
 Whose fleeting pace poor Puss could not withstand.  
 To no small size it would a volume swell,  
 Were I his singular acts but half to tell;  
 Let these suffice—an humble specimen,  
 The rest I will leave to a more able pen;  
 That he is in bliss with heaven's high King I trust;  
 May we him meet, and shine among the just.

—♦—

**ST. MARY'S SOUTHAMPTON.**

Here lies poor Joan, who could not lie alone,  
 So saved a little money to buy a head stone.

## ON A YOUNG LADY.

Dear friends, do not lament my fall ;  
 For Death will triumph over all :  
 In bloom of life I felt his power,  
 And soon became a dying flower.  
 If love and care could death prevent,  
 My days had not so soon been spent.



## STOCKBRIDGE.

*In Memory of JOHN BUCKETT ;*

Many Years Landlord of the King's Head Inn in this  
 Borough, Who departed this Life, Nov. 25th 1802,

Aged 67 Years.

And is, alas, poor Buckett gone ?  
 Farewell, convivial, honest John !  
 Oft at the Well, by fatal stroke,  
*Buckets*, like *Pitchers*, must be broke ;  
 In this same motley, shifting scene,  
 How, various have thy fortunes been !  
 Now lifted high, now sinking low,  
 To-day thy brim would overflow :  
 Thy Bounty, then, would All supply,  
 To fill and drink, and leave thee dry ;  
 Tomorrow sunk, as in a Well,  
 Content unseen with Truth to dwell :  
 But high, or low, or wet, or dry,  
 Nor rotten stave would Malice spy.  
 Then rise immortal, Buckett, rise,  
 Obtain thy station in the skies ;  
 Twixt *Amphora* and *Pisces* \* shine,  
 Still guarding Stockbridge with thy sign.

\* *Signs of the Zodiac.*



Bedford.

**ON ONE WHO DIED FOR LOVE.**

Beneath this peaceful stone, here lies  
 To cruel love a sacrifice ;  
 But reader, mind, the youth was slain  
 By his Papa's, not Girl's disdain,  
 For when the lover went to woo,  
 The maid said ' Yes,' the father ' No ;'  
 So through mere grief to be denied,  
 He broke his heart and so he died.

**On a Traveller.**

I, that have lodged in many a town,  
 And travell'd many a year,  
 By age and death am beaten down,  
 To take my lodging here ;  
 And lay my weary limbs at rest.  
 Till Christ does call me to be blest.

**Saint Peter's, Bedford.**

**ON THOMAS SHARP, AGED TEN MONTHS,**  
*July 2nd, 1797.*

Early removed from bleak misfortune's power,  
 Secure from storms here rests a tender flower ;  
 Short though its bloom, the opening bud began  
 To promise fair, when ripening into man ;  
 Sleep on sweet babe, high heaven's all-gracious  
     King  
 Hath to eternal summer changed thy spring.

**On a Card-maker.**

His cards are cut—long days he shuffled through;  
 The game is life—he dealt as others do:  
 Though he, by honours, tells not the amount;  
 When the last trump is play'd, his tricks will count.

**Isle of Sheppy.**

ON MARY KNIGHT; AGED 16.

Though young in years, her life could not withstand,  
 Nor her protect from Death's impartial hand;  
 Life is but transient, though we are here so gay,  
 And death's a broom that sweeps us all away.

**Wrexham, Denbighshire.**

The following singular Epitaph is on a very conspicuous Monument in the Church-yard of Wrexham, erected to the memory of ELISHA YALE, ESQ., who died on the 22nd of July, 1721.

Born in America, in Europe bred,  
 In Africa travell'd, and in Asia wed;  
     Where long he liv'd and thriv'd,  
     And last in London died;  
 Much good, some ill, he did, so hope all's  
     even,  
 And that his soul through mercy's gone to  
     heaven.  
 You that survive and read take care,  
 For this most certain exit prepare;  
 For only the actions of the just,  
 Smell sweet, and blossom in the dust:

## Taunton, Somerset.

*On Samuel Clements. Died, 1804, Aged 44.*

## MAN IS BUT AS A FLOWER.

In fairest bloom some leave this mortal stage,  
 Some in full flower, and some in hoary age ;  
 From 'midst the scenes of life, in flower of day,  
 Fled the warm friend to better realms away ;  
 Nor here could wealth or power avail to save :  
 Like flowers we fade and drop into the grave.  
 Blush then, ambition ; soon the dread alarm  
 Will say that virtue has the strongest charm  
 To meet the change, and Death's sure dart defy :  
 Happy are all who live prepared to die !



## Benson Church-yard.

*On William Man, Aged 82.—Died, 1828.*

Time, which had silver'd long my hoary head,  
 At length hath rank'd me with the silent dead ;  
 One truth, gay youth, from dust and ashes borrow,  
 My days were many—thine may close tomorrow !



## Bwer-ton, Somerset.

*On T. Tanner, Son of W. Tanner.—Aged 4 Years.*

The rose within this earthly bed,  
 Though wither'd and reclined its head,  
 Shall soon in new-born beauty rise,  
 And blossom in its native skies.

**Langley, Kent.**

*On Henry Colton.—Died, December 23, 1818, aged 50.*

Vain man, thy fond pursuits give o'er ;  
 Repent : thy end is nigh !  
 Death, at the farthest, can't be far,  
 Oh, think before you die !  
 Reflect :—Hast thou no soul to save ?—  
 Thy sins, how high they mount !  
 What are thy hopes beyond the grave ?  
 How stands that dark account ?  
 Death enters, and there's no defence ;  
 The time there's none can tell :  
 He'll in a moment call thee hence,  
 To Heaven—or else to Hell. .  
 Thy flesh—perhaps thy chiefest care—  
 Shall crawling worms consume :  
 But ah ! Destruction stops not there ;  
 Sin kills beyond the tomb.  
 To-day the Gospel calls—to-day,  
 Sinners, it speaks to you :—  
 Repent, and then forsake your sins,  
 And mercy will ensue.

**Heydon Church-yard, Dorsetshire.**

Here lies the Body of William Strutton, aged 97,  
 whose first Wife had by him 28 Children, his second 17.  
 Was Father to 45 Children, Grandfather to 86,  
 Great Grandfather to 97,  
 and Great Great Grandfather to 43.  
 IN ALL, TWO HUNDRED AND FIFTY-ONE.

## GLOUCESTER CATHEDRAL.

*Mrs. Mary, Wife of John Hilton, Esq. Aged 30.*

Meek was her temper, modest was her life.  
 A chaste and humble virgin—loyal wife;  
 Her manners graceful, pregnant was her wit,  
 Her nature amiable, behaviour sweet:  
 Her soul, adorn'd with dove-like innocence,  
 To gain a heavenly mansion, hasted hence,  
 And bids surviving walkers o'er her grave  
 Love the world less, and strive their souls to save.

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REMEMBER THINE END, AND THOU WILT NEVER  
 DO AMISS!



## YARMOUTH.

*On Elizabeth Becket, Died 1823, Aged 29.*

What though in dust thy loved remains do lie,  
 Hid from thy tender partner's weeping eye,  
 Blasted like some fair flower once so brave,  
 From all thou lovedst hid in the silent grave!  
 Yet now I strive my sorrow to restrain;  
 For time will come when we shall meet again—  
 Shall meet again upon that blessed shore,  
 Where those who die in Christ shall part no more.



*Ipswich.*

*On John Hill.—Died, 1821, Aged 7 Years.*

The faithful warnings of the mouldering tomb,  
 With what persuasive eloquence they come!  
 Ye thoughtless mortals, deep attention give,  
 And live to die—that you may die to live.

## Lincoln Cathedral.

*On Dr. Otwell Hill.—Aged 56.*

'Tis Otwell Hill—a *Holy Hill*—  
 And truly—sooth to say—  
 Upon this *hill* he praised still  
 The Lord, both night and day ;  
 Upon this *hill* this Hill did cry  
 Aloud the Scripture letter,  
 And strove the wicked people by  
 Good counsel to make better.  
 And now this *Hill*, though under stones,  
 Has the *Lord's Hill* to lie on ;  
 For *Lincoln Hill* has got his bones,  
 His soul the *Hill of Sion*.



## Chatham.

*On Mrs. Ann Farham, who died by the Bite of  
 her Lap Dog.*

Written by Herself.

Death, the last end of all, is fix'd and sure,  
 But manifold the means that end procure :  
 My little favourite cur—my guiltless friend—  
 Thy tooth, with frenzy struck, produced my end.  
 Be ready, mortals, for the solemn call :  
 No matter what the means by which we fall.



## Edinburgh.

*On John White Esq.*

Here lies John, who was a burning and a shining light ;  
 Whose name, life, actions, all alike, were *White*.

Frome, Somersetshire.

*On Richard Gold, Esq., Aged 51.—Died 1821.*

All men must die,—important truth !  
The wrinkled face and blooming youth  
Must each submit, when Death shall call,  
And, conquer'd by his stroke, must fall,  
Until that day no more to rise,  
When fervent heat melts earth and skies.



*On a Person who died in a State of Intoxication.*

This Epitaph is inserted in the Hope that it may prove a  
Warning to others to avoid a similar Fate

Beneath this stone one in the dust is laid,  
Who drank his passing cup, and reel'd to bed :  
Death reach'd the bowl, and this prescription gave ;  
' Doze now thy senses in the silent grave !'  
Life paid the present shot ; but oh ! the fear,  
When judgment wakes him to his long arrear ;  
Charged with the revels of each former day,  
For there's a dreadful reckoning to pay.



CASTLETON, OXFORDSHIRE.

*On Mr. Becket, who died suddenly.—Written by  
the Lady to whom he was to have been married.*

Could grateful love recall the fleeting breath,  
Or chaste affection soothe relentless Death,  
Then had this stone ne'er claim'd a social tear,  
Nor read to thoughtless youth a lesson here.

## AT HURY SAINT EDMOND'S, SUFFOLK.

## Reader,

Pause at this humble stone, it records the fall of unguarded youth, by the allurements of vice; and the treacherous snares of seduction. SARAH LLOYD, on the 20th of April, 1800, in the 22nd year of her age, suffer'd a just but ignominious death, for admitting her abandon'd seducer into the house of her mistress, in the night of the 3rd of October, 1799, And becoming the instrument, in his hands, of the crimes of robbery and house-burning: *these were her last words:*

"MAY MY FATE BE A WARNING TO THOUSANDS!"

## STAINES.

On JAMES TREBLE. Died May 19, 1806,  
*Aged 59.*

Our friend, removed by death, we trust,  
Is borne to realms of day;  
Where sin and sorrow ever cease,  
And tears are wiped away.  
'Twas through the merits of Christ's death  
He hoped to be forgiven;  
And clothed in Jesu's Righteousness,  
To find a place in heaven.

## Bungay, Suffolk.

On Mary Brightley.—Died December 19, 1805,  
*Aged 7 Months.*

Strike, angels, strike anew your golden lyres!  
Saints, raise the song redeeming love inspires!  
Our Jesus saves, by his surprising grace,  
The happy spirits of the infant race.



**ROBERT LAMB, BUTCHER.**

By this Inscription, be it understood,  
 My occupation was in shedding Blood :  
 But now, I trust, from sin and sorrow free,  
 Through Christ my Lord, who shed his Blood for me.

**ABBOTS' LANGLEY HERTS.**

*On JANE PLATT, Daughter of the Rev. A. Platt,  
 Died 1813, Aged 16.*

The early date that Closed thy sojourn here,  
 Of meek regret impels the frequent tear ;  
 As cherish'd thought of warm affection dwells  
 On the sad moment when we bade farewell ;  
 Yet soothing Memory, like the Angel, brings  
 Sweet consolation on her balmy wings ;  
 Points to thy placid mien, thy soul resign'd,  
 Thy filial piety, thy christian mind,  
 The vivid hope thy settled faith display'd,  
 As Death around thee wove his lingering shade,  
 Then bid the mourners in composure rest,  
 Like thee be virtuous, and like thee be blest.

**IPSWICH.**

*John Duncan, Sergeant in the seventh light Dragoons.*

Reader, in time prepare to follow me,  
 As my route was, so thine will surely be !  
 The mandate of my God I did obey ;  
 Kings and Dragoons, when call'd, must march away.

## ON ROBERT STERLING, MARRINER.

The worlds tempestuous sea I awhile did plow,  
 My Anchor hope, God's word my Compass, too;  
 Blest faith my helm—the wind to fill my sails,  
 The holy Spirit with its blessed gales.  
 Bless'd star! thou Christ alone, I steer'd to thee,  
 Thou still wast in mine heart, and in mine eye:  
 Secure, through thee, in heaven above, now I  
 Despise and scorn all earth's uncertainty.

## NORWICH.

*On Elizabeth Langdon,*

In steadfast hope of that glad day,  
 Here lies entomb'd my weary clay;  
 Reader, Awake! Believe! repent!  
 Thine hours, like mine, are only lent;  
 The day is hastening when, like me,  
 Thou, too, shalt dust and ashes be.  
 Forsake thy sins, in Christ believe,  
 And thou shalt surely with him live.

## ON WILLIAM STRONG, HUNTINGDON.

*Died 1829, Aged 35.*

Ye thoughtless, erring mortals,  
 Attend to what I say,  
 And seriously remember,  
 Your solemn dying day,  
 Come take a friend's advice,  
 And use your best endeavour  
 To live so, while you're here,  
 That you may live for ever.

St. Martin Orgars, Cannon Street.

ON

SIR ALLEN COTTON,

*Died September 24th, 1628.*

When he left earth, rich bounty dy'd,  
Mild courtesie gave place to pride :  
Soft Merci to bright Justice said,  
' O sister ! we are both betray'd :

White Innocence lay on the ground  
By Truth, and wept at either's wound :  
The Sons of Levi did lament,  
Their lamps went out, their oil was spent.

Heav'n hath his soul, and only we  
Spin out our lives in misery !  
So, Death, thou missest of thy ends,  
And kill'st not him, but kill'st his friends.

*On a Family of the Name of COLE.*

*An Epitaph in Tunbridge Church, on a Monument representing an open Book, on the Leaves of which the following Lines are written.*

I stand not here to compliment the dead,  
Or make the living blush—The family  
Which lays entomb'd within this narrow vault  
Could only boast themselves that they were men.  
If any faults disgrace their humble lives,  
They beg in charity may be conceal'd ;  
If any virtues shine through Envy's veil,  
Those imitate—but spare your generous praise.

AT SAINT PAUL'S SHADWELL.

ANN GOODWIN :

*Died, February 20th, 1673.*

No age so young that Death will spare,  
 All ages they must die :  
 Therefore to die let all prepare,  
 To live eternally.



Salisbury Cathedral.

IN LATIN, ON

MRS. H. SNATCHENBURGH,

A GERMAN LADY,

One of the Maids of Honour to Queen Elizabeth.

*Died in April, 1635, Aged 85,*

The world's the sea, and life's the ship,  
 We all should steer from sin ;  
 Death is the port, the country's heaven,  
 The righteous enter in.

UNDER HER COAT OF ARMS.

Cunning and swift the prize will gain,  
 The firm and faithful the reward obtain.

AT THE WEST END.

Attend, Stranger, and remark the Change !  
 Our Flesh becomes Mortal and is reduced to Ashes.  
 This Monument will last for Ages, but will  
 decay : while she will revive to all eternity,  
 At the Coming of the Lord of Glory.

D

Dear Salisbury.

ON

# JOHN COOK, Esq.

SON OF CAPTAIN COOK, THE CELEBRATED  
CIRCUMNAVIGATOR.

Late Captain of His Majesty's Ship Bellerophon.

In the Battle of Trafalgar, which took place  
ON THE 21ST OF OCTOBER, 1805,

Having evinced the most consummate Skill and  
Bravery in the Conflict of that eventful Day,  
He fell, gloriously indeed for his Country,  
but marked by the sympathizing Tears of all who  
knew him. His disconsolate Widow placed  
this Tablet, to record his Virtues and his Fate,  
near the Spot which he had chosen for his  
favourite Retirement, and to which—having left  
it at the Call of his Country—he returned no  
more. In the 43d Year of his Age.

Be merciful to her, O God, who bends,  
And mourns the best of husbands, fathers, friends  
Oh! when she wakes at midnight, but to shed  
Fresh tears of anguish on her lonely bed,  
Thinking of him who is not, then restrain  
Her bitter thoughts, and her sad heart sustain.  
Father of mercies, she remembers still  
Thy chastening hand, and to thy sovereign will  
Bows silent, but not hopeless, whilst her eye  
She raises to a bright futurity,  
And trusts in better worlds thou wilt restore  
The happiness she here can meet no more.

St. Edmond's Salisbury.

ON MARIA CHAPMAN.

*Died, 1827, Aged 21.*

Jehovah hath declared that all shall die :  
On wings of time our fleeting souls do fly.  
Here lies a witness of that sacred truth,  
Not spared by Death—cut down in early youth.



ODE ON THE LAST DAY;

Written, during a storm at sea, by RICHARD KEMPEN-  
FELT, Esq., Rear Admiral of the Blue; who went  
down in the Royal George, when she foundered at Spit-  
head, on Thursday, the 29th of August, 1782.

HARK! 'tis the trump of God  
Sounds through the realms abroad,  
"Time is no more!"  
Horrors invest the skies,  
Graves burst, and myriads rise,  
Nature in agonies  
Yields up her store.

Changed in a moment's space,  
Lo! all th' affrighted race  
Shriek and despair;  
Now they attempt to fly,  
Dread immortality,  
And eye their misery  
Dreadfully near.

Quick reels the bursting earth,  
Rock'd by a storm of wrath,  
Hurl'd from her sphere;  
Heart-rending thunders roll,  
Dæmons tormented howl;  
Great God! support my soul,  
Yielding to fear.

O, my Redeemer! come,  
 And, through the frightful gloom,  
   Brighten the way;  
 How would our souls arise,  
 Soar though the flaming skies,  
 Join the solemnities  
   Of the great day!

See! see! th' incarnate God  
 Swiftly emits abroad  
   Glories benign;  
 Lo! lo! he comes, he's here  
 Angels and saints appear,  
 Fled is my every fear,  
   Jesus is mine.

High on a flaming throne,  
 Rides the eternal SON,  
   Sovereign august!  
 Worlds from his presence fly,  
 Shrink at his Majesty;  
 Stars, dash'd along the sky,  
   Awfully burst.

Thousands of thousands wait  
 Round the judicial seat,  
   Glorify'd there;  
 Prostrate the elders fall,  
 Wing'd is my raptured soul,  
 Nigh to the Judge of all,  
   Lo! I draw near.

O, my approving God!  
 Wash'd in thy precious blood,  
   Bold I advance;  
 Fearless we wing along,  
 Join the triumphant throng;  
 Shout an ecstatic song,  
   Through the expanse!













MAD 23 1966

